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A

SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

TO

BATH, BRISTOL,

AND THEIR ENVIRONS;

A

DESCRIPTIVE POEM.

TO WHICH ARE ADDED

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

BY WILLIAM HEARD.

Melodious there, the plumy ſongſters meet,
And call charmed Echo from her arched retreat;
Neat-poliſhed manſions riſe in proſpect gay;
Time-battered towers frown awful in decay;
The Sun plays glittering on the rocks and ſpires,
And the lawn lightens with reflected fires.

SAVAGE's Wanderer.

LONDON,

PRINTED FOR J. SEWEL IN CORNHILL, T. BECKET AND T. EVANS IN THE STRAND.

MDCCLXXVIII.

AS A
TESTIMONY OF RESPECT
FOR
REFINED GENIUS,
EXALTED SENTIMENT,
AND
UNAFFECTED MANNERS;
THE
FOLLOWING SHEETS ARE
INSCRIBED
TO

MISS HANNAH MORE,

BY
HER MOST OBEDIENT
HUMBLE SERVANT,
THE AUTHOR.

London, January,
1778.

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A HAPPY reſtoration from an ill ſtate of health, during a ſhort continuance in *Somerſetſhire* and *Glouceſterſhire*; and the pleaſure I received in ſome parts of thoſe delightful counties, firſt ſuggeſted the following lines. I am ſo much aware of critical inveſtigation, that I candidly declare myſelf conſcious of the irregularity of the verſification; and only plead as an excuſe, that, as I flattered myſelf my deſcriptions were juſt, I apprehended careleſs verſe, where the objects appeared ſtriking, would be more agreeable, than correct numbers (diveſted of truth) to thoſe who have travelled the *weſtern road*, by renewing to their memories the various beauties that embelliſh the above-mentioned counties.

With reſpect to the miſcellaneous pieces, I can only ſay, they were dictated by the pen of genuine ſincerity, and deſerved approbation; they are the effect of a juvenile love for *rhyming*, blended with real eſteem for the characters alluded to.

The opinion of their merit, I leave to thoſe who read fugitive pieces, and conſider them as a *deſert* after more ſubſtantial entertainment.

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SENTIMENTAL JOURNEY

TO

BATH, BRISTOL, &c.

OH, for thy ruſtic Muſe, harmonious GAY!
To picture Nature in her beſt array;
To touch, like thee, with colours bold and ſtrong,
Or imitate thy ſweet, deſcriptive ſong;
To paint the manners of the rural ſcene,
The fruitful valley, and the velvet green;
To charm with ſimple, yet energic lays,
And gain, by eaſy verſe, a nation's praiſe.

Grey roſe the morning, and the clouds beſtowed
Some gentle ſhowers, to wet the duſty road,
Refreſhing ſhowers combin'd with Nature's dew,
And foliage wore a brighter vernal hue:
The warbling choiriſters that ſoar on high,
Attun'd their matins to the æther ſky;
AURORA her effulgent mantle ſpread,
And PHŒBUS his enlivening influence ſhed:
Mild and ſerene the face of Nature ſeemed,
And Earth, with ample ſtore, for harveſt teemed.

For ſleep's ſweet balm, to *Henley* firſt we haſte,
On *Thames*'s bank delightful *Henley* placed;
That gallant *Thames*, which rolls, with conſcious pride,
To *London*'s walls his wealth-imparting tide.

The morning comes, for *Oxford* we prepare,
Great ALFRED's nurſling, Learning's elder care.

Ver. 11. ——*Nature's dew.*] Dew-drops, which the ſun impearls, on every leaf and every flower. MILTON.

Behold, behold! its ancient ſtructures riſe,
Its Gothic fabrics, glad my gazing eyes:
Of academic air the power's confeſt,
And mighty inſpiration fills my breaſt!
Hail, venerable Domes! auguſt retreat!
Where muſing SCIENCE treads, with ſilent feet;
Hail, noble ſpirits! who, devout and wiſe,
Bade theſe bleſt manſions towering meet the ſkies;
Expreſſive emblem of your god-like plan,
To form the ſoul, and moralize the man!
Peace to your ſhades; and may the ſons who ſhare
Your virtuous bounty, crown your virtuous care!
Still through your groves may Truth with Virtue ſtray,
And beam on minds the intellectual ray!

To *Oxford*'s claſſic ground we bade adieu,
When gentle *Woodſtock* ſoon appeared in view,
Once for fair ROSAMOND's ſweet bower renowned,
From jealous love who deadly poiſon found,
But now ordained, exulting, to proclaim
Good ANNA's bounty, and great MARLBROUGH's fame.

And, to expreſs, what (would it were not true!)
The heavy, mean, no taſte of JOHN VANBRUGH.
Delighted paſs we o'er fat *Eſham*'s plain,
Where ſmiling Plenty holds perpetual reign;
Where through the joyful vale ſweet *Avon* flows,
At ſight of whoſe lov'd ſtream my boſom glows,
While rapturous fancy to my gladdened view
Preſents our SHAKESPEARE with his playful crew,
Now ſporting gayly on the graſſy brim,
Now drinking inſpiration from the ſtream:
On every thorn delightful wiſdom grows,
And in *this* rill a ſweet inſtruction flows;
Immortal SHAKESPEARE! Oh, thou bard divine!
What powers, ſenſations, energies were thine!

Ver. 46. ——— *Vanbrugh.*] Sir JOHN VANBRUGH, upon whom a famous epitaph was written:

Lie heavy, Earth, on him; for he
Laid many a heavy load on thee.

Thus

Thus ſinging, through poor *Perſhore* paſs we on,
And enter, with delight, fair *Worceſter*'s town ;
The beauteous *Worceſter*, by whoſe well-built ſide,
The rapid *Severn* ſmiling rolls his tide ;
Where, rich in taſte, the bounding *Salmon* throng,
And luſcious *Lampreys* nimbly glide along.
The elegant *cathedral* we ſurvey,
Where ſleeps good HOUGH, to whom a tear we pay,
While the ſage verger much of biſhops ſpoke,
And freely dealt around ſharp cenſure's ſtroke;
Hinted that ſome *had been*, and *ſome* were good,
And ſome, God wot, no better than they ſhou'd.

Worceſter we leave reluctant, nor refrain
A gentle wiſh to viſit it again :
But this as Heaven decrees : the preſent ſtate
'Tis wiſdom to enjoy, nor anxious wait
For future pleaſures, which may ne'er arrive,
To-day is mine, and I to-day will live!

By *Malvern Hills* we ride, whoſe gradual height
Meet at remoteſt diſtances the ſight:
Malvern, where roſy-finger'd HEALTH can bring
The genial Waters from the living ſpring.

Charm'd with the proſpect, as we paſs along,
A thouſand objects to delight us throng;
Here *Tewkſbury*'s Tower in Gothic grandeur ſtood,
Here, through the plains meanders *Severn*'s flood;
Here riſe romantic hills, rich vales below,
And level lawns, like flowery carpets glow;
While in each hedge-row, blooming pears are ſeen,
The promiſe of our nation's own Champaigne.

Old *Glouceſter* in a charming valley placed,
By fair SABRINA, like ſweet *Worceſter*, graced,
We paſs'd---for time allow'd us not to ſtay,
So to the Old *Black-Dog* we took our way,

Ver. 77. *Malvern Hills.*] Theſe waters are eſteemed very efficacious in ſcorbutic diſorders.

Where

Where well we dined, tho' moderate was our fare,
For a keen knight, Sir HUNGER, met us there.
Diſmiſs'd that gentleman, to *Michel Dean*
Our courſe we ſteer'd, and lovely was the ſcene:
Nature was all adorn'd in beſt array,
The vallies ſmil'd, and hoary hills look'd gay;
On every ſide delicious orchards riſe,
Whoſe ruby-tinctur'd bloſſoms glad our eyes,
And where, in raptur'd fancy, we beheld
The blooming fruit ſuch floods of *cyder* yield;
Thy liquor, PHILIPS, whoſe enchanting tongue
So well the beauties of POMONA ſung:
POMONA, lovely in each ſhape or dreſs,
Whether in *cyder* ſhe flows forth to bleſs;
Or comes, delightful to the ſchool-boy's eye,
Deck'd up and trimm'd in figure of a *pie*.

Ver. 103. *Thy liquor, Philips.*] See Mr. Philips's elegant poem on Cyder.

Reſted,

Reſted, at morn four horſes we provide,
To climb the rocky mountain's upright ſide;
Panting, the beaſts our Car ſcarce drag up ſlow,
And whirl it lightly down the dale below,
Through *Dean's famed foreſt*, where what vaunting *Spain*,
With proud *Armada*, threaten'd once in vain,
Ourſelves have well-nigh done---thoſe oaks deſtroy'd,
Which form *Britannia*'s bulwark, wealth and pride:
But ſtill, O *Spain*, ſufficient oaks abound
Bourbon's confederate forces to confound:
Yet ſtill enough to ſee throughout the world,
Britannia's thunders in loud triumph hurl'd.
Loved country! Still thy glorious fame maintain,
And every bleſſing crown good GEORGE's reign:
GEORGE, who has oaks ſufficient for his foe,
And in kind works of mercy to beſtow.
Famed *Glouceſter*'s *Hoſpital* this truth declares,
Which high its turrets to his glory rears!

Ver. 125. *Glouceſter Hoſpital.*] His preſent Majeſty generouſly gave the timber from the *Foreſt of Dean*, for the building of this hoſpital.

Still

Still higher may his works ſweet incenſe riſe,
And in his conſtant favour arm the ſkies!

O'er-paſſed the hills, the meads, and rural glades,
The murmuring rills and natural caſcades,
The various iron-works, which here are found,
And the vaſt woods that cloathe the country round,
We enter *Monmouth*, by whoſe time-worn walls
The *Mynwy*'s ſtream in gentle accents falls;
Quick to its ancient *caſtle* we repair,
Where the *Fifth* HENRY breathed his natal air:
Great HENRY thundering, with reſiſtleſs lance,
The pride of *Britain*, and the ſcourge of *France*.

" Sequeſtered here, unknowing and unknown,
" Sweet ſolitude," ſaid I, " ſhall be our own;
" Here, free from cares, and from intruſion free,
" Bleſt in myſelf, and doubly bleſt in thee,
" MARIA, we'll enjoy *this* charming ſpot,
" A-while forgetting all, by all forgot."

" Not all forgetting," ſcarce had ſhe replied,
When from the Inn a ſervant we eſpied.
" Ah," then ſaid I, " ſweet ſolitude, adieu!
" Farewel!" and now our journey we purſue.

Thus diſappointed, forward ſtrait we fare,
'Till *Abergavenny*'s towering hills appear;
The *Holy Mountain*, where, on MICHAEL's day,
O'er the rent rock, aſſembled *Papiſts* pray:
The *Sugar-loaf*, whoſe top with foreſts crowned,
A ſpring refreſhes, and thick clouds ſurround:
Adown their cultivated ſides are ſeen,
Rich lawns, and flocks, and intermingled grain.
Still farther on delightfully we ride,
Raptured by ſhallow *Iſka*'s gurgling ſide,
Along a narrow, hill-encircled vale---
When, lo! at length, night's dreary ſhades prevail,
The road grows rugged, deep,---we ſtart with fear
But careful is our *Cambrian* charioteer;

He

He finds his labour ſafe in *Brecon* done,
Juſt as ſtern Midnight's Iron tongue ſtruck *One*.
We rouſed the inn ; a ſweet repaſt we taſte
While chirping crickets carrol to our feaſt
And heard us chearful chat, o'er all our perils paſt.
So when life's toilſome dangers all are o'er,
Safe landed on an hoſpitable ſhore,
May the good houſe of peace our ſouls receive,
And everlaſting entertainment give !
Bleſt be the hour, and bleſt our patron be,
Who kindly gave us *Brecon*'s walls to ſee !
Well-ſituated town, but all of white,
Its buildings with much glare oppreſs the ſight :
Round them two rivers, ever babbling, glide,
Hills, like the cloud-capt *Alps*, on every ſide.
Here, pleaſed, we walk'd along the hanging wood,
And liſtened to the falling of the flood.
Delightful walks ! which all my ſoul inſpire,
And wake to gratitude my thankful lyre.

Here, pleaſed, on every recent grave we viewed,
By Love's kind hand, abundant flowrets ſtrewed;
Affection, weekly, thus her offering ſends,
To the dear memory of departed friends
Weeping Affection, who with ſteady eye,
Her hand upon her heart, ſits pointing to the ſky!
Beneath this turf, perhaps ſome virgin lies,
Whoſe virtues reach to yon ætherial ſkies;
No verſe elegiac ſpeaks her living fame,
No ruſtic poet celebrates her name;
Unknown, unnoticed, and by all forgot,
What once was lovely, in the grave muſt rot!

Ye

Ver. 193. INSCRIPTION.

O formoſitas! an tale eſt tuum ultimum
Aſylum? Sinceritas! amicitia! virtus!
Voluptas! innocentia jacent ſepulto ejus
Sepulchro! ROUSSEAU.

OR,

Made to engage all hearts, and charm all eyes;
Tho' meek, magnanimous; tho' witty, wiſe;
Polite as all her life in courts had been,
Yet good, as ſhe the world had never ſeen;

The

Ye Engliſh gentlemen, who ſick of home,
To foreign climes, in ſearch of wiſdom roam,
By me invited, into *Wales* repair,
To drink good wine, and taſte a purer air:
There too the whey of milk, and goats you'll find,
And, if ſage PRINGLE's recipe you mind,
Not all that cows or aſſes can beſtow,
Is ſo ſalubrious to a worn-out beau----
But ſagely ſerious, in declines, they ſay,
That no reſtorative exceeds goat's whey.
*****, with the milk of human-kindneſs fraught,
Saw my MARIA, low, by ſickneſs brought:
He preſſed, and much adviſed our longer ſtay,
To ſave *her* life, and bleſs the goat's milk whey.

The noble force of an exalted mind,
With gentleſt female tenderneſs combined:
Her ſpeech was the melodious voice of love,
Her ſong, the warbling of the vernal grove;
Her eloquence was ſweeter than her ſong,
Soft as her heart, and as her reaſon ſtrong:
Her form each beauty of her mind expreſs'd,
Her mind was virtue by the Graces dreſt.

Late, Lord LYTTELTON.

She

She rather to the mountains would aſcend,
To taſte if keener air would be her friend.
Good was her heart, as when her ſtrength was beſt,
And life's quick ſpirits bounded through her breaſt;
But, ah! the hill's ſteep height! She toils and ſighs,
And views the ſummit with deſponding eyes;
When gentle fortune favouring our intent,
A horſe to meet us on the hill, was ſent.
I bleſſed the omen, ſeized the willing ſteed,
(What gratitude for help in utmoſt need!)
On the kind beaſt I place my boſom fair,
Who, with a ſmile rewards my tender care.
While, by his humble halter, up the height,
I lead the bearer of my heart's delight.

Half up the ſteep, a little cottage ſtood,
Its windows lattice, and its walls of mud:
Out ran the children, the ſtrange ſight to view,
Themſelves, *to us*, a ſight as ſtrange as new;
Half-naked all; their heads and legs were bare,
Brown, hardy, rough; no cold or ills they fear:

The way we bade them up the mountains ſhew :
They ſplutter'd Welch, and, like the bounding Roe,
Trip up the ſteep, and *Tiperary* cry,
We toil up ſlow, and follow leiſurely.
But, on the top, repent we not that toil,
Such lovely proſpects all around us ſmile :
Hills, are for proſpects, towns in vales are placed ;
High ſtations are for ſome, the *mean* is beſt :
When mounted on ambition's height, few find
The proſpects correſponding to their mind :
Few ſee enough, who in low vallies 'bide ;
I am for neither ; on the mountain's ſide,
Juſt half way up, a cot would pleaſe me beſt,
Where, in my arms each night CONTENT might reſt.

Returning from the mount, our hunger ceaſed,
By eating *Trout* and *Kid*, a right Welch feaſt ;
The while, his harp a *Cambro-Briton* ſtrung,
And, in old ſtrains, the praiſe of ARTHUR ſung ;
Renown'd CADWALLADER he gave to Fame,
Nor left unnoticed TAFFY's favourite name.

The ſtrains delight us; round ſome ancient board
Of hoſpitable *Britons* richly ſtored,
We ſeemed to ſit, and hear the old hall ring,
While high-born bards, and holy *Druids* ſing.

Determined to depart the following day,
***** offered to conduct us on our way.
******* with his horſe ſtood ready, grieved at heart,
With friends, juſt known and loved, ſo ſoon to part;
But friends beſt loved muſt part; life's tax we pay,
When thoſe we value moſt are torn away;
O ſacred Friendſhip! ſweeteſt comfort given,
Kindred to what the juſt expect in Heaven.

Famed *Ragland*'s ruined Caſtle we ſurvey,
And take by *Uſke* and *Pontypool* our way:
Where Art and Induſtry combined, appear
To form of various ſorts a beauteous ware.
But nought like *Piercefield* charmed our raviſhed ſight,
Where taſte refined, helps Nature to delight;

Upon

Upon the rocky ſide of winding *Wye*,
The hanging-woods, and walks romantic lie;
Whence, all around, delicious proſpects riſe,
The diſtant *Severn*,---hills that meet the ſkies,
Rocks, cloath'd with foreſts, at whoſe feet below,
The rivers ſerpentine, meandering flow,
And vales luxuriant their green boſoms ſhow.
Now, under ſhade, along the woods we rove,
Ten thouſand ſongſters chaunting thro' the grove;
Then opens to the ſight ſome pleaſing view,
Forever charming, and forever new:
Here, the old *Abbey*'s ruined walls appear,
And *Chepſtow*'s venerable caſtle there,
Sweet ſpot! Enraptured o'er thee could I rove
Whole days and weeks, with poetry and Love!
Each ſeat and proſpect would I give to fame,
And carve, on every beech, my favourite's name.

And much of thee, Oh, MORRIS! would I ſay,
Thou friend to taſte refined in full diſplay,

No ſervants *here* with ſneaking meanneſs ſtand,
To catch the paltry pittance from your hand,
The generous Lord who cloathes them, gives them gain,
Nor claims your help his menials to maintain;
The hand which formed this *Eden* of delight,
Levies no tax upon you for the ſight;
Free as the maſter 'tis, for all men's view,
And, at your call, polite refreſhment too.

Peace and full pleaſure, MORRIS, be your meed,
If any fuller pleaſure you can need;
Than the fair fame which your good deeds attend,
Call'd by each liſping lip, your country's friend.
May your example fire: my boſom glows,
For ſure man's heart no higher pleaſure knows,
Than that which from the fame of honeſt actions flows.
Charmed thus we paſſed to *Chepſtow* for the night,
And with the ruined Caſtle feaſt our ſight.
Ah, man! poor man! thy mightieſt works muſt fall;
With unrelenting hand, Time levels all!

Hark!

Hark! while theſe mouldering ruins I ſurvey,
Methinks I hear ſome warrior-ſpirit ſay,
" Once Health and Valour ſtrode amidſt theſe towers,
" And laughing Pleaſure decked her roſeate bowers;
" Once, in that *ſacred dome*, the liſtening ear
" Drank in the ſolemn pomp of holy prayer,
" Where now, beneath the weedy rubbiſh lies
" Whate'er was valorous, worthy, great and wiſe.---
" 'Tis fallen:---the mighty caſtle is ſubdued,
" Which ſieges, ſtorms, and foes in vain withſtood:
" Contemplate well the ruins as they lie,
" Each rifted fragment thunders, *Thou muſt die!*"

Admoniſhed thus, and full of ſerious thought,
Thought which delights and ſoothes, the Church we ſought,
Crowded round which, our brother mortals lay,
Like us, the paſſing pilgrims of a day:

Ver. 308. ——— *ſacred dome.*] There are the ruins of a large Chapel in the Caſtle at *Chepſtow.*

On earth's frail ſand, ah! do not build too high,
Firm is no fabric raiſed beneath the ſky:
Hence o'er the *Bridge*, compliant with the tide,
With trembling underneath our feet, we ride,
Where o'er a ſingle plank, if fame be good,
In ſafety once a midnight traveller rode:
And where we ſaw, caught in the muddy *Wye*,
With iron blow, unpitied ſalmon die!

To foreign climes farewel, we now prepare
Once more to breathe our country's native air;
And, thanks to Providence, the danger's paſt,
We land all ſafe on *Britain*'s ſhore at laſt:
And now to *Briſtol Wells* our courſe we ſteer,
To wooe young Health for my MARIA there.

Deep in a bottom, by a muddy ſtream,
Like liquid ſand whoſe yellow waters ſeem,
Flows warm and genial the ſalubrious ſpring
Of which *my Muſe* will not preſume to ſing:

For

For who'd the pencil from the *Laureat* take,
Like whom no poet, *hymns* or *odes* can make?
In ſounding verſe, the nymph hath BILLY ſung,
Peace to the nymph, and to *ſweet* WILLIAM's tongue!
The *Pump-room* rather claims my ſoaring verſe;
But who the *Pump-room*'s praiſes can rehearſe?
We enter ſolemn, where, on many a row,
The meagre Miſſes, and the battered Beaux,
Stiff, ſtarch, dull, ſilent ſit; you'd ſwear
RYSBRACK had placed ſo many ſtatues there!
Behold that ghoſtlike figure, how it ſtalks!
See that wan ſpectre, who with ſlow ſtep walks!
Oh, bear me from the room, my ſpirits fail,
Creeps my chilled blood, and diſmal thoughts prevail,
Muſic itſelf, here's out of tune and ſick,
The fidler ſcarce can move his fiddleſtick.

Ver. 341. —— *hath* Billy *ſung.*] See an Hymn to the Nymph of *Briſtol Spring*, by William Whitehead *Eſq.*

Beneath

Beneath two rows of trees, a vernal ſhade,
We march, like ſoldiers on the Park's parade,
There *Miſs*, with taper *cane* and neat *calaſh*,
Murders her ſex, with Scandal's venomed laſh ;
Nor, can a character, however bright,
Eſcape her envy, or her wanton ſpite :
But ſee yon gentle ſteed, with eaſy pace,
Bearing its feeble frame with pallid face,
The fair-one ventures, fearful, to inhale
The diſtant breezes of the weſtern gale ;
The tender parent, with an anxious eye,
With gratitude adores the placid ſky,
And breathes to Heaven the ſupplicating ſigh.
The gay, the grave, the fooliſh and the wiſe,
Figures of every ſort, of every ſize :
The doctor, lawyer, ſtateſman and divine,
Forget their callings ; at the *Wells* combine
To poliſh for the TON, with golden duſt,
That BOOR to elegance, PROFFESSION'S RUST!

And

And next, the *Rooms*----But here I ſhall not dwell;
LOGGAN and SHIRLY both we bid farewel;
Here viands emulate the gorgeous Eaſt,
But *riches only* can procure a feaſt:
Yet thoſe who ſtay, I'd give this caution wiſe,
All through the place, they think you lawful prize;
Since on *four months* which is the ſeaſon here,
The 'habitants muſt live throughout the year;
And let 'em live, ſo that *Avonia*'s ſpring,
Doth health, life's cordial, to the languid bring:
At higheſt price that bleſſing well is bought,
Which wanting, life is never worth a thought;
And truth demands my numbers to declare,
That Health reviving, takes her dwelling there.
But much to gentle Exerciſe is due;
So bring the horſes; bring the pillion too:
O'er *Durdam Down* delighted let us ride,
And view from SOUTHWELL's Park the proſpect wide.
Now on the Tower of *Dundry* let us ſtand,
And the vaſt landſcape all around command;

Now

Now, o'er the ſpacious plain of *Shrubby Ley*,
Let us chat chearful, and the view ſurvey ;
Pleaſing the rides, and fine the country round,
But Oh, ſweet *Clifton !* where ſhall ſtrains be found,
Thy villa's beauties in juſt glow to paint,
To which the colouring even of POPE were faint :
Yet had he lived that taſk performed to ſee,
" *How had it bleſt mankind, and reſcued me !*"

High on a hill, with beauteous ſtructures ſpread,
Delightful *Clifton* rears its rural head ;
And looks with pleaſure on the vales below,
Where towns are planted, and where rivers flow.
Here, full in view, *Briſtolia*'s city lies,
O'er which enraptured glance the gladdened eyes,
Viewing the wood-capt hills which riſe around,
Chequered with many a hedge-row's verdant bound.

Ver. 400. *How had it bleſt* ——] A line from Dr. *Young*.—Mr. *Pope* had promiſed a Poem on *Clifton Hill*.

Now ſee the *Avon* wind his chalky tide,
And, like a ſerpent, thro' the green vales glide;
While o'er the ſtream her veſſels COMMERCE tows,
Whence well-earned wealth on buſy labour flows.
To variegate the proſpect, here is viewed,
The heath all barren, and the rocks all rude:
On which, like mountains, ſtoney craggs appear,
Pregnant with *gems*, and glittering with *ſpar*,
And different rocks your wondering eyes ſurvey
Romantic foliage, where bold trees diſplay;
Trees that to heaven aloft their ſummits ſhoot,
Deep darting through the rocks each fib'rous root.
Theſe views from GOLDNEY's *Terrace* you command,
Work of vaſt labour, and a ſkilful hand!
GOLDNEY, whoſe ſpirit, all untamed and bold,
And, like the lion's, formed in nobleſt mold:
No difficulties daunt, no coſt deters,
In reſolution fixed, he perſeveres:
Through iron rocks an hundred fathom down
He pierces, and commands the ſtream to run,

Obedient upward, forming at his will
The cryſtaline canal or gurgling rill.

Deep in the rock his coolly *grotto* lies,
Of ſplendid ſtones, where brilliant pillars riſe;
Where every ſhell, of every glowing hue,
In elegant compoſure charm the view:
" Where lingering drops from mineral roofs diſtil,
" And pointed cryſtals, break the ſparkling rill;
" Unpoliſhed gems no ray on pride beſtow,
" And latent metals innocently glow."

Not that famed *grot*, where once CALYPSO ſtrove
To win the *Grecian* from his wedded love;
Not that where all the ſportive *Naiads* ſpread,
For AMPHITRYTE's god, the coral bed;

Ver. 435. *Where lingering drops——*] Vide *Pope.*
Ver. 439. *Calypſo.*] Vide *Telemachus.*
Ver. 442. *Amphitryte's god.*] Vide *Catullus, Ovid,* &c.

Nor

Nor that, than all of theſe which charms me more,
Adorning well tranſlucent *Thames's* ſhore,
Where POPE enjoyed the cool, and walked along,
With penſive, thoughtful, muſing, lofty ſong :----
Theſe, none of theſe, can GOLDNEY's *grot* excel,
For luſtre, art, and many a coloured ſhell ;
Theſe, none of theſe, with GOLDNEY's *grot* compare,
For views which various on each ſide appear.

With weary ſteps, we riſe up *Brandon*'s hill,
Where gazing wonder hath her utmoſt fill ;
All *Briſtol*'s city underneath it lies
Its reddening towers at once before your eyes.

Here CROMWELL once, when civil diſcord reigned,
A fort and garriſon of ſtrength maintained,

Ver. 445. *Where Pope enjoyed*——] Mr. *Pope*'s grotto, at *Twickenham.*

Ver. 455. *Here* Cromwell *once*——] There are the remains of a battery, on *Brandon-Hill*, erected by *Oliver Cromwell*, during the civil wars in the reign of *Charles I.*

And yonder *Abbey*, ſacred to the ſkies,
Part, fell a ſacrilegious ſacrifice.
Forgive the muſe, while penſively ſhe ſtrays,
And whiſpers through the aiſle, her POWEL's praiſe;
Forgive the bard, whoſe verſe would fain impart
How mild his manners, and how good his heart!
How genius reared him, and how nature ſhone,
For energy and feeling were his own;
One only ſympathetic rule he knew,
While from the multitude the tears he drew,
One artleſs, native rule, and this he kept,
His eyes were never dry, while others wept.

From *Tindal*'s charming villa we deſcend,
To where reſides the poet and the friend,

Ver. 457. *And yonder abbey*——] Part of the college church was deſtroyed by *Oliver Cromwell* in the ſame reign.

Ver. 460. ——*Powel's praiſe.*] The late Mr. POWEL lies in the left hand aiſle of this cathedral.

Ver. 469. *From* Tindal's—] Mr. *Tindal*'s ſeat is called the *Fort*, alluding to the remains of an *entrenchment* built by the *Royaliſts*, in the reign of *Charles I.*

Ver. ibid. —— *we deſcend.*] Park-ſtreet.

Where genius lives; where taſte and wit combine;
Where fancy wantons with the tuneful Nine.
Oh, *More!* a muſe to paint thy generous heart,
" Muſt catch a grace beyond the reach of art,"
Devoid of pedantry, thy numbers flow,
And ſweet inſtruction with delight beſtow:
The rough, unpoliſhed manners you refine,
For ſenſe and ſenſibility are thine;
All thoſe ſweet courteſies that friendſhip loves,
All that the heart ſuſceptible approves,
Spontaneous flow with ſuch peculiar grace
As time from memory can ne'er efface:
" O be thou bleſt with all that heaven can ſend,
" Long life, long health, long pleaſure, and a friend!"

Ver. 473. *Oh*, More!—] Miſs *H. More.*
Ver. 376. *And ſweet inſtruction*——] Delectandô pariterque monendô.
Ver. 483. *O be thou bleſt*———] Swift.
" Her hearers are amaz'd from whence
" Proceeds that fund of wit and ſenſe;
" Which tho' her modeſty wou'd ſhroud,
" Breaks like the ſun behind a cloud:
" While gracefulneſs its art conceals,
" And yet thro' every motion ſteals. SWIFT.

Thrice

Thrice happy ſtate of virtue, bliſs and love,
The kindeſt bleſſing of all bounteous JOVE;
Let others climb the ſteep with anxious toil,
And riſe or fall, at Fortune's frown or ſmile,
Let them, the arduous height preſumptuous gain,
A day of envy, for a life of pain!

But let me, let me ſhun the dangerous ſhore,
And hear at diſtance winds and tempeſts roar;
While ſafe at land the threatening ſtorm defy,
Nor dread the bluſtering winds, nor blackened ſky;
View nature's ſweets, profuſely ſpread around,
And all her gifts, that deck the fragrant ground,

Briſtol for *commerce* famed, whoſe ſquares and green,
Well built, are pleaſant, elegant and clean;
Its quay commodious, its *exchange* is neat,
Yet merchants traffic in the open ſtreet:
Antient and noble, many ſtructures riſe,
With ſacred tops devoted to the ſkies:

But

But chief of theſe muſt *Redcliff*'s church be praiſed,
Whoſe noble fabric taſte and grandeur raiſed:
Nor while I ſpeak of churches, let me fail
With due reſpect the pious hand to hail,
Which reared at *Redland* for high bleſſings given,
Devotion's beauty, conſecrate to heaven:
Oh, gratitude, when bending 'fore the ſhrine
Of heaven's all bounteous lord, what charms are thine!
From man to man no grace can lovelier ſeem,
More win affection and command eſteem:
Then let us not be wanting, but expreſs
The pleaſing ſtudy to oblige and bleſs.

Aſhton next claims the tribute of my muſe,
Its fertile valley, and its rural views.

Ver. 507. *Which reared at Redland*——] Mr. Couſins, a gentleman of fortune, reſiding in this delightful village, built an *elegant chapel*, chiefly intended for his own uſe, but it is now become a public chapel of eaſe to the neigbouring pariſhes. This edifice is ſo peculiarly neat, that it ought not to eſcape the notice of every perſon who viſits this country.

Aſhton

Aſhton ſweet *Aſhton!* how ſhall I expreſs?
Luxuriant cloath'd in nature's richeſt dreſs;
There FLORA wantons on her ſcented throne,
And *Aſhton* claims POMONA for her own.

With laboured ſteps, up hill we take our way,
Till *King's Down* meets our ſight in full diſplay;
Enraptured here, we ſee the vaſt domains,
Where culture flouriſhes, and commerce reigns!
CERES with plenteous harveſt revels here,
And pleaſant villas on the down appear.
Proſpects where grazing, bleating flocks abound,
And lambkins ſportive trip the vernal ground.

But now farewel, *Avonia!* muſt I ſing?
Farewel, profuſe of liquid balm thy ſpring;

Ver. 515.] "Here by ſoft zephyrs waked, and gentle ſhowers,
"On bending ſtalks ſmile voluntary flowers."

Farewel

Farewel thy pendant mountains clad with trees,
Thy downs, where hale HYGEIA ſcents the breeze;
And ſportive dances o'er the velvet green,
With peace ſweet ſylvan, and with mirth ſerene!
Still may thy waters to each fainting heart,
Comfort's bleſt cup, and health's dear drop impart,
Still to each region, on each wind be borne,
To ſooth the ſick, and ſolace thoſe who mourn!
For ever, gentle *Naiad*, mayſt thou prove,
The delicate delights of mutual love;
For theſe delights on me thy ſpring beſtows,
Rekindling in my fair one's cheek the roſe:
For this, I bore her with an anxious care
To thine auſpicious fount, and balmy air:
Joy to their aid! with rapture I'll return,
Twining fond wreaths of flowers to deck thy urn.

Ver. 539. ——*gentle Naiad*——] Alluding to *Whitehead*'s tale of *Avonia* and *Neptune*, in his hymn to the nymph.

Briſtolia left, o'er rugged ſtones we drive,
And jolted much, at *King's-wood* we arrive;
'Tis juſtly ſaid, if chymic powers unite,
No human art can waſh the *Æthiop* white,
Lo! the poor collier, whoſe untutored mind,
" Sees GOD in clouds, or hears him in the wind;"
Ingulphed in ſubterranean pit he lives,
And ſulphur'ous vapours conſtantly receives;
No art or ſcience he deſires to know,
But works and ſings contentedly below:
Rude as barbarians was this ſavage race,
Till GEORGE and WESLEY viſited the place.
Their miſſion, has in ſome degree refined
The rough incruſted rubbiſh of the mind;
They ſoothed, perſuaded, and with threats ſurprized,
And now, they ſeem a little humanized.

Ver. 551. *Lo! the poor collier*——] Vide *Pope*'s *eſſay on man.*
Lo! the poor Indian!
Ver. 558. *George* and *Weſley*——] *George Whitefield.*
Ah!

Ah! happy ignorance, if happy thought:
'Tis miſery ſure, to be but little taught;
That little, ſharpens every pang I feel,
Reflection probes, reflection cannot heal.
Yet dare I wiſh in ignorance to breathe,
And dark as *Africk*'s ſons the world to leave?

Then come, Philoſophy, celeſtial maid!
Come, Poetry, with eloquence arrayed,
Come, Fancy, with the Graces by thy ſide,
And teach me to deſcribe *Britannia*'s pride.

Some friends, with whom 'twere happineſs to ſtay,
Kindly reſolve t'eſcorte us on our way:
So on to *Bath* we paſs; while as we rode,
In awful thunder ſpake the glorious GOD.
Blue lightnings ſhot their forky glare around,
While ſhowers, like cataracts, deſcending ſound:
Serious, not timid, with juſt awe we heard,
Confeſſed the Thunderer, and his voice revered,

The ſtorm abated, the horizon bright,
Thy *Creſcent*, *Bath*, appears before our ſight.
Bath, health and pleaſure's moſt delighted ſeat,
Where all is elegant, and all compleat!
Whoſe worth and various beauties might command,
The maſter-pencil of the fineſt hand;
O! may ſome future POPE's or THOMSON's verſe,
Its charms in ſweet deſcriptive ſong rehearſe,
Firſt of the crowd, I'll ſound the poet's name,
And give his numbers to the trump of fame.

Muſt I attempt, by admiration ſwayed,
To praiſe thy *Grove*, thy *Circus*, and *Parade*;
Or all thoſe ſtructures which amazed we meet,
Thy *Creſcent*, *Square*, and every well-built ſtreet;
The laws NASH founded, thy politeneſs free,
And all, good ALLEN, which it owed to thee.

Old *Rome* and *Greece*, for architecture famed,
Have oft in ancient hiſtory been named;

Their

Their bold invention, their majeſtic thought,
Britannia for her native iſland caught,
Simple, yet elegant, the plan ſhe drew,
And taſte preſented it, ſweet *Bath*, to you.
Thy *Town-hall* credits its deſigner's name,
Oh, DANCE! where fled thy genius and thy fame,
When for proud *London*, ſuch a gloomy pile,
Reared ſullen to affright our happy iſle?
A gradual riſe, ſoon brings us to the *Rooms*,
Where laughing Gaiety her form aſſumes:
Here Splendour revels, Elegance and Taſte,
By Beauty honoured, and by Beauty graced.

While muſic ſounds, ſee yonder pair advance,
And *Louvre*, *Minuet* or *Allemande* dance:
Old, ugly, and deformed, lame, gouty mix---
For *Bath*'s their *Lethe*, and its waters *Styx*.

Ver. 603. *Thy Town-hall*——] Juſt finiſhed, a magnificent building, perhaps not equalled in Europe for ſuch a uſe.

Ver. 604. *Oh, Dance!*——] The late city ſurveyor, who deſigned the Manſion Houſe in *London*.

Near theſe grand rooms, we ſee *King* ALFRED's *buſt*;
ALFRED the good, the great, the wiſe, the juſt:
Here, the Hiſtoric Muſe, with patriot zeal,
Delighted dwells! Oh, may the Commonweal
For ever read MACAULAY's lettered page,
That ſcourges a corrupt and venal age!
And, *Bath*, thy abbey ſhould not go unpraiſed,
Where worth to virtue has her trophies raiſed,
Thy marble buſts, and monumental piles,
Where ſacred precepts ornament your aiſles;
Where QUIN's not eloquent, where QUIN no more
Can ſet, with mirth, the table in a roar;
Where QUIN's encloſed among the honoured duſt,
And GARRICK's epitaph ſecures the truſt:
So when life's weary journey we have paſt,
"To his complexion we muſt come at laſt."

Ver. 615. *Near theſe grand rooms*—] Mrs. *Macaulay*'s houſe, oppoſite the New Rooms, over the door of which is the buſt of *Alfred*.

Bleſt ſource of health! ſeated on riſing ground,
With friendly hills by nature guarded round;
From eaſtern blaſts and ſultry ſouth ſecure;
The air's balſamic, and the ſoil is pure;
What boundleſs proſpects from the *Creſcent*'s height,
What hills and vallies ſtrike the raviſhed ſight;
Here ESCULAPIUS reigns; here GALEN's art
Relieves the ſick, and chears the drooping heart.
" Long e'er the *Roman* Eagle hither flew,
" Ere *Albion*'s ſons their powerful virtues knew,
" BRUTE's great deſcendant raiſed them firſt to fame,
" And from their uſe aſſigned the town its name.
" PALLAS he choſe protectreſs of the ſtreams;
" PALLAS the city her protectreſs claims.
" Thus he who of man's fall divinely ſings,
" Tells from old records wrote of *Gothic* kings:

Ver 639. *Long ere the Roman*—] Mrs. *Chandler*'s Deſcription of *Bath*.
Ver. 644. Pallas *the city*—] The city of *Bath* is called, in the *Britiſh* language, *Caer Palladdar*. CAMDEN.

" The

" The *Romans* well this antient ſtory knew;
" MINERVA's ſtatues their devotion drew:
" Of curious art her noble *buſt* appears,
" Safe from the ruin of a thouſand years.
" Theſe ſalutary ſtreams alone can boaſt
" Their virtues not in thrice five ages loſt;
" The floating waters from their hidden ſource,
" Through the ſame *ſtrata* keep unerring courſe;
" The flowing ſulphur meets diſſolving ſteel;
" And heat in combat till the waters boil:
" United then, enrich the healing ſtream;
" Health to the ſick they give, and to the *waters* fame.

From

Ver. 649. ——*noble buſt*——] There was in the old *Town-hall*, an *antique buſt*, ſuppoſed to belong to a *Roman* ſtatue of *Pallas*.

Ver. 658.] NECUM, who flouriſhed four hundred years before CAMBDEN, according to that hiſtorian, gives us the following.

" *Bathoniæ* thermas vix præfero VIRGILIANAS;
" Confecto proſunt balnea noſtra ſeni.
" Proſunt attritis, collifis, invalidiſque, et quorum morbis
" Frigida cauſa ſubeſt prevenit humanum ſtabilis;
" Natura laborem ſervit naturæ legibus artis opus.
" Igne ſuo ſuccenſa quibus data balnea,
" Fervent, ÆNEA ſubter aquas vaſa latere putant.
" Errorem figmenta ſolent inducere paſſim,
" Sed quid? Sulphureum, novimus eſſe locum.

Scarce

From various ſources, various ailments flow,
Oh, could thy waters, *Bath*, on all beſtow
Invigorating health, increaſe of days,
Thy fount would merit more than mortal praiſe.

When college-rules are ſtrictly tried in vain,
And med'cine but augments returning pain;
The wretched patient for BATHONIA ſighs,
And on her genial ſpring for health relies.

See in yon chair, a ghaſtly ſpectre ſits,
Tortured alas! with keen *arthritic* fits:
With ſolemn pace the lingering object rides,
While death tyrannic on the roof preſides:

Scarce ours to VIRGIL's baths the preference give,
Here, old decripit wretches find relief
For bruiſes, ſores, and every cold diſeaſe,
Applied, they never fail of quick ſucceſs.
Thus human ills kind nature does remove,
Thus nature's kindneſs human arts improve,
They're apt to fancy brazen ſtoves below,
To which their conſtant heat the waters owe:
Thus idle tales deluded minds poſſeſs,
But what? we know that 'tis a ſulph'ry place.

For riches, birth, nor honours can convey,
Health to reſtore, or animate his clay.
Yet all muſt feel th' inevitable ſtroke,
And every ſympathetic ſtring be broke.

Thus while we run deceived and blind,
Death ſtalks in awful pomp behind,
Then leaps and graſps the unthinking mind.
Or if the laurel, graced fair MERIT's brow,
Ah! tell me what avails *that* honour now,
FAME with her trumpet, and her empty breath,
Can yield no ſolid happineſs in death!
'Tis only virtue that can cheer the mind;
In that alone can man true comfort find;
That makes the mortal, chearful, wait his doom,
And hope for ſome ſubſtantial joy to come.

The pale cheeked virgin *here* her viſit makes,
And with a ſigh, her aqueous potion takes;
But *Bath* nor *Briſtol* waters can remove,
That obſtinate diſeaſe, neglected love:

Wan

Wan is that face, and livid are thoſe eyes,
For pining grief each cryſtal ſluice ſupplies;
Perhaps ſome youth of ſoothing words poſſeſt,
Hath kindled paſſion in her tender breaſt;
Then, with neglect, eſtranged himſelf away,
And left the maid to fell remorſe a prey;
Soon ſhe declines, and heaving fervent ſighs,
The angelic choir conducts her to the ſkies.

Adieu, *Bathonia!* city loved, farewel!
Still may content and plenty with thee dwell;

Ver. 696. *The angelic choir*——] Or perhaps this young lady might merit the following lines, by the celebrated LORD ORRERY.

Free from all thoughts of guilt, all acts of ſhame,
She fell a victim to her murdered fame;
But if ſome tuneful bard, in tuneful verſe,
Shall her ſad ſtory to the world rehearſe,
Each tender breaſt her virtue muſt revere,
And every wife and ſiſter drop a tear.

OR,

Such was AMYNTA! Beauty's boaſt! Ah, what
Is beauty? May it laſt a day, an hour?
Aſk Death; Death is ſincere.

Taſte, eaſe, and elegance thy rooms invite,
And harmleſs wit with ſober ſenſe unite:
May every female who frequents this place
Add worth to beauty, and to beauty grace;
And every youth, who treads in honour's path,
Find roſeate Health with valour blent, in *Bath*.

Now to *Devizes*, for the night, we haſte,
Where an alarming monument is placed
Of Heaven's dread wrath, on thoſe who, loſt to ſhame,
With impious falſhood mock JEHOVAH's name!
So dared, profane, a female to invoke
His wrath deſtructive on the lie ſhe ſpoke:

Ver. 710. *So dared prophane*—] The event here alluded to happened in the year 1753; and is recorded at large in the Market-place of *Devizes*, as follows:

"*Thurſday, January* 25th, 1753.

"The following authentic narrative is to deter all people from calling down the vengeance of *God*, and taking his holy name in vain. *Ruth Pierce* of *Pottern* agreed with three other women to buy a ſack of wheat: one of them collecting the money, diſcovered ſome wanting, and demanded it of *Ruth Pierce*, who ſaid, ſhe had paid her ſhare, and raſhly wiſhed ſhe might drop down dead if ſhe had not paid it; which ſhe inſtantly did, upon repeating her wiſh, with the money concealed in her hand, to the amazement and terror of a crouded market."

His wrath deſtructive in a moment ſhed
The curſe ſhe called upon her guilty head :
Amidſt a trembling crowd, ſhe falls! ſhe dies!
Dread truth !---be 'moniſhed, nor Heaven's Lord deſpiſe.

Hence, in the morn, o'er *Sarum*'s ample plains,
Where ſober Solitude in ſilence reigns,
We travelled ; while our eyes in vain explore
That boundleſs ſea of verdure, for a ſhore!

Ver. 716. *Sarum's ample plains.*]
Next morn, twelve miles led o'er th'unbounded plain,
Where the cloak'd ſhepherd guides his fleecy train ;
No leafy bowers a noon-day ſhelter lend,
Nor from the chilly dews at night defend :
With wonderous art he counts the ſtraggling flock,
And by the *ſun* informs you what's o'clock.
How are our ſhepherds fall'n from ancient days !
No *Amaryllis* chaunts alternate lays,
From her no liſt'ning Echoes learn to ſing,
Nor, with his reed, the jocund vallies ring.
Here ſheep the paſture hide; there harveſts bend;
See *Sarum*'s ſteeple o'er yon hill aſcend ;
Who can forſake thy walls, and not admire
The proud *cathedral* and the lofty *ſpire* ?
What ſemſtreſs has not proved thy ſciſſars good ?
From hence firſt came the intriguing riding-hood.
Amid three boarding-ſchools, well ſtock'd with miſſes,
Shall three knight-errants ſtarve for want of kiſſes ? GAY.

Here

Here lonely ſhepherds through the live-long year
With patient labour tend their ſnowy care;
No flocks on any downs are whiter ſeen,
No downs more vivid with a chearful green,
The green, which now a purple die aſſumes,
Where the wild thyme with ſcenty fragrance blooms.
And yonder ſee! fine fields and fruitful corn,
The ſloping hills and ſable waſte adorn.

But what romantic ſtones, of giant ſize,
Stupendous, from the barren deſert riſe!
Sure ſome old temple's ruins meet us here,
Which ancient Druids raiſed with ſolemn care:
Nor do we err; *Stone-henge* is in our ſight,
Antiquity's firſt care and chief delight;
But after all that CHYNONAX hath ſaid,
Famed Druid CHYNONAX, of ſapient head;

Ver. 735. *Chynonax.*] See the inſcription on Dr. *Stukeley*'s houſe at *Knightſbridge*, or his work called *Palegraphia ſacra*.

'Twere

'Twere waſte of time to add another line,
To him the curious gladly I conſign:
But, that the curious ſearch may find him right,
In *Knightſbridge* town, dwelleth the ancient wight.

To *Wilton* now, with eager ſpeed we haſte,
And gratify the very ſoul of Taſte:
But *Wilton*'s curioſities demand
A more extenſive labour from my hand;
A different labour they ſhall ſurely fare,
When kind, propitious Fortune calls me there:
Nor ſhall a ſtatue or a buſt be found,
A beauteous painting, or relief renowned,
Unnoticed and unſung; and I will ſee
Juſtice, O virtuous PEMBROKE! done to thee!

Of this no more: nor have we time to ſpeak
Of the famed *carpeting* which here they make,
Our *Britiſh* floors on every ſide to ſpread;
That Luxury's feet may delicately tread.

Thus

Thus muſing, into *Saliſbury* we go,
Round which, well-ſcited, three fair rivers flow,
Leading their limpid currents through each ſtreet,
Of ſtructure fair, and regularly neat.
Its beautiful *cathedral* charms our eyes,
Whoſe ſpire on marble pillars meets the ſkies:
Grand is the building, and its walls are graced
With ſome diſtinguiſhed monuments of taſte.

Quick then, and rapid, as we roll along,
O'er turnpike-roads, rolls quick my rapid ſong:
Now ſoon by *Blackwater* and *Bag ſhot* paſs,
Drear, gloomy deſert! rude, uncultured maſs!
In little time, near *Windſor*'s town we dwell,
And view the Park, ſweet POPE has ſung ſo well.
With reſt ſupplied, we chearful poſt away,
And with our friends in *London* paſs the day.

Life is a journey---every ſtate we ſhare
Is but a paſſing inn, to reſt and chear,

Then

Then whether good or ill to table's ſent,
'Tis but a day,----and let us be content.
Soon to that river's paſſage ſhall we come,
Acroſs whoſe waters lies our native home,
Anxious for which, the paſſage we'll not fear,
Strong faith will lead, and love will meet us there;
In ſafety landed on that friendly ſhore,
" Welcome, ſweet reſt! we'll ſing, our journey's o'er."

MISCELLANEOUS PIECES.

OLD DRURY's REPUTATION NEW REVIVED.

Addreſſed to R. B. SHERIDAN, ESQ.

THE ſiſter muſes, with reſiſtleſs art,
Correct the paſſions, and amend the heart:
MELPOMENE, in mournful pomp arrayed,
Attracts, with ſympathy, the love-lorn maid;
Each with a poinard, in her train appears,
And beauty gliſtens through a veil of tears.

THALIA, jocund muſe of ſportive mirth,
From pleaſantry and wit derives her birth;
With dimpled cheek, and ringlets unconfined,
Careleſs her mien, no arts her treſſes bind:

She trips in uniſon, where laughter guides,
And leads where fancy over taſte preſides.

Long had theſe muſes held an equal reign,
Their ſubjects the delight of *Drury Lane:*
Each in her turn the regal ſceptre ſwayed,
And GARRICK, as prime miniſter, obeyed;
Fixed at the helm, to *Honour*'s *port* he ſteered,
And from integrity he never veered:
A faithful ſubject to theatric laws,
He gained from millions a deſerved applauſe;
But ere his brilliancy ſhould know decline,
HONOUR and FAME cried, GARRICK muſt reſign!

The *Tragic Muſe* her ſolemn vigils kept,
And gay THALIA with her ſiſter wept!
With laurels crowned, he from the ſtate retired,
And left that ſtate, reſpected and admired!

Deſerted thus, the hopeleſs ſiſter queens
Quit *Drury* palace; leave their native ſcenes------

Fly

Fly from their empire to the vernal ſhades,
And ſeek their ſiſters, the *Aonian* maids;
They meet, they drink from HELICONIA's ſtream,
But dearth of genius is their conſtant theme:
Genius was dead, authors and actors too,
Could ſcarcely ſatisfy the critic few.

Though without pilot it "*was tempeſt toſt*,"
Yet the neglected ſtage could not be loſt:
THALIA to *Parnaſſus* ſlowly went,
And to APOLLO ſpoke her diſcontent.------
God of the nine! if yet there be a name,
That to my comic vein demands a claim;
If, at your bidding, comedy's ſuppreſt
For tragedy, diſtreſſing the diſtreſſed.-----

To whom the god, with mild and gentle voice,
Proclaimed his SHERIDAN his favourite choice!
Apothegems and ſentences in plays,
Have been as ſermons to the modern days;

But,

But, briſk THALIA, reaſſume thy mirth,
Genius is thine, once more I give her birth;
Intrinſic wit, with poignant ſatire joined,
Language to pleaſe, yet cultivate the mind:
Scenes, that would not diſgrace my CONGREVE's pen,
And ſenſe, that ſhall reform the worſt of men;
Sarcaſtic ſtrokes to wound the faſhioned fool,
And merit rarely found in *Scandal*'s *School*.

Raiſe then thy drooping head, my comic muſe,
Genius to you her tribute can't refuſe:
Even in *Scandal*, genius we muſt prize,
If it will "*catch the manners as they riſe*:"
Once more THALIA with her wonted charms,
Takes the ſucceſsful author to her arms,
She gives him FANCY, and her lovely train,
And o'er old *Drury* comes again to reign.

BENE-

BENEVOLENCE.

Addreſſed to Miſs H. More.

HAIL, heaven-born nymph! with *all* divinely fair,
The truly great are thy peculiar care:
Thy dove-like influence to each mind impart,
And give to all, a penetrable heart:
Serenely mild, thy lenient power extend,
And be, like More, to every good a friend:
Oh, wipe from every eye the falling tear,
And ſpeak condolement to the hope-lorn ear;
Eaſe the 'preſt heart of every anxious load,
And fix it in ſerenity's abode.

Oft when the ſtorm of ſtrong affliction blows,
Thy gentle Zephyrus, her calm beſtows,
Thy rays Aurora like, celeſtial, bright,------
Diſpel the ſadneſs of a gloomy night.

Oh, nymph! whom I will ever ſacred deem,
Accept my love, and animate my theme:
When thy ſweet voice a benefit eſſays,
An art commendable conceals the praiſe;
When downcaſt merit unobſerved pines,
Droops, and on meagre Poverty reclines;
Obſcured by indigence from public praiſe,
Hid from encouragement's enlivening rays:
No flatterers to applaud his little ſong,
Unknown, unthought of by the lettered throng;
Merit, which partial fortune hath denied,
Sufficient to ſupport a decent pride;
Thy aſpect mild, extatic rapture brings,
And genius angel-like, ſeraphic ſings!

Teach me to ſtem, of grief the briny tide,
And break the ſurge where ſhipwrecked ſorrows ride;
To ſoothe the reſtleſs mind with balmy peace,
And draw from ſorrow, rather than increaſe.

Come,

Come, *cherub*-like, Oh! come, and hover round,
Wherever bleeding anxious woes are found,----
Charm with thy ſympathetic voice, the breaſt
Of keen affliction----gently lull to reſt
The weary aching head of pining care,
And chaſe from all, that horrid fiend *Deſpair*.

Friendſhip, devoid of ſentiment, 's a name,
'Tis CUSTOM's child, and firſt from FASHION came;
Pride from a *noble act* ſhould only ſpring,
Exalt the *Peaſant*, and become the *King!*
May all, like MORE, ſpurn every paſſion hence,
But thoſe derived from true *Benevolence*.

IMPROMPTU,

On seeing Miss MORE's Tragedy of PERCY.

I.

LONG had MELPOMENE in vain
Beheld her dull and gloomy train,
On *Britain*'s happy shore;
When, lo! to claim a nation's praise,
Genius emits his vivid rays
Around his favourite MORE.

II.

Long had the kind indulgent town
Paid bards for what was not their own,
For ancient classic lore;
But now, a *British female*'s pen
Displays to sense and *Englishmen*
The diction of a MORE.

III.

Pathos with poetry ſhe blends,
While every gentle muſe attends,
Her numbers to adore;
And tho' the heart with many ſighs,
Bids each conflicting paſſion riſe,
We fondly wiſh for MORE.

IV.

Fearful and diffident ſhe came,
Till GARRICK countenanced her claim,
To learning's real ſtore;
Thus, that great effort of the mind,
To write correctly and refined,
Was deemed by him for MORE.

V.

She cried, "What QUIXOTE of the land,
"Can *hiſſes*, *critics*, *groans*, withſtand?
"Such vengeance will they pour;
"Methinks I hear the *catcall* ſhrill,
"With every hiſs, to wound, to kill------
"With off, off, off, no MORE."

VI.

At length the deſtined trial came,
When MERIT blew the trump of FAME,
And ECHO ſaid *encore*;
Each auditor with loud applauſe,
Confeſſed the fair had won the cauſe,
And cried, MORE! MORE! yes MORE!

IMPROMPTU

On the late Mr. LOVE, of *Drury-Lane* Theatre.

LOVE has bid the world good night,
SHAKESPEARE's fat facetious knight,
Tyrant Death his mirth denies us,
Vale, vale, filiô riſus!

TO

TO MISS YOUNGE,

On ſeeing her the firſt Night of KING ARTHUR, at DRURY-LANE Theatre.

LOVELY ELTRUDA, let my lays
Attempt to give thy merit praiſe;
Impartial let my numbers flow,
To thy deſert, in grief or woe!
Alas! deſcription has no art
To paint the feelings of the heart;
But, in thy all-expreſſive face,
The emotions of the ſoul we trace:
Thy voice attracts our ſympathy,
And guſhing tears are ſhed for thee;
Enraptured let me hear thy tongue,
Thou charming, all-perſuaſive YOUNGE!

Mrs.

ON MRS. WRIGHTEN's BIRTH-DAY, 1774.

THE nymph of joy, the queen of mirth,
With rapture celebrates thy birth;
Long has thy radiance been obſcured,
While *minor* ſtars have been endured,
Long has thy brightneſs been concealed;
A beauteous conſtellation veiled:
But now burſts forth in full diſplay,
To add new luſtre to the day!
When you appear, the noiſy throng
Ne'er wiſh APOLLO's lute or ſong;
Like him, you can attention charm,
And fierceſt ſavages diſarm!
No envious cloud of diſcontent,
Thy rapid progreſs ſhall prevent,
Muſic and poetry are thine,
AMPHION's lyre, and ſong divine!

Thy

Thy merit ſhall progreſſive riſe,
To charm our ears, to feaſt our eyes,
Thy ſprightly humour, native eaſe,
Thy unaffected way to pleaſe.

While wit and genius can prevail,
And ROBINETTE ſupports the *tale*,
THALIA's chaplet ſhall adorn
Her favourite's brow, each natal morn.

Ver. 22. *And Robinette*——] *Robinette* in the *Chriſtmas Tale*.

A BALLAD.

A BALLAD.

I.

HAIL, JUNE, with thy beautiful train,
See FLORA comes tripping along:
Now JUNE re-aſſumes his gay reign,
And the warblers ſalute him in ſong.

II.

Sweet bloſſoms adorn every ſpray,
And the fields all with verdure are ſpread:
Thro' vales and o'er woodlands I ſtray,
By Fancy, contented I'm led.

III.

And oft' as with pleaſure I range,
Where Echo reſounds in the grove;
Each proſpect reminds me of change,
For my heart feels emotions of love.

IV. How

IV.

How ſportive the lambs on the plain,
While THYRSIS attunes his ſoft reed;
Their innocence cou'd I attain,
My heart from this flutter were freed.

V.

I'll pluck from my garden the roſe,
With the violet, emblem of truth;
And cull from each fragrance that grows,
To embelliſh the lord of my youth.

VI.

His image before me I view,
In glade, or in murmuring ſtream:
May the ſubſtance the ſhadow purſue,
While THYRSIS and Love are my theme.

VII.

The nymphs their aſſiſtance will yield,
For nature and art ſhall combine;
And each ruſtic ſwain of the field,
His garland ſhall help to entwine.

ECCE! ITERUM ANACREON.

Written by WALTER MAPLES, Archdeacon of *Oxford*, A.D. 1100.

I.

MIHI eſt propoſitum in Taberna mori,
Vinum ſit appoſitum morientis Ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint Angelorum Chori;
Deus ſit propitius huic POTATORI.

II.

Poculis accendituri Animi lucerna,
Cor imbutum nectare volat ad ſuperna,
Mihi ſapit dulcius vinum in Taberna,
Quam quod aqua miſcitur præſulis pincerna.

III.

Suum cuique proprium dat natura munus,
Ego nunquam potui ſcribere Jejunus:
Me Jejunum vincere poteſt puer unus,
Sitim et Jejunium odi tanquam funus.

IV. Tales

IV.

Tales verſus facio quale vinum bibo,
Non poſſum ſcribere niſi ſumpto cibo,
Nihil valet penitus quod jejunus ſcribo,
NASONEM poſt calices carmine præibo.

V.

Mihi nunquam ſpiritus propitiæ datur,
Niſi cum fuerit venter bene ſatur,
Cum in arce cerebri BACCHUS dominatur,
In me PHŒBUS viruit, ac miranda fatur!

IMITATED.

I.

In this delightful cot reſolved to die,
Let generous wine exalt my ſpirits high,
That when angelic choirs my fame reward,
APOLLO's rays may ſhine around the bard.

II.

My mental lamp ſhall burn with roſy wine,
Tinctured with nectar, ſhall my heart incline
To where etherial ſongſters never die,
While ſober mortals here complain and ſigh.

III.

Wine in a cottage ſweeter is to me,
Than liquor in a *prelate*'s cup can be;
Nature to every one her gift beſtows,
If I write hungry, no genius flows.

IV.

A boy can overcome me with his breath,
Thus I hate hunger full as much as death;
As generous wine exhilarates the blood,
My heart o'erflows in a poetic flood:

V.

And till each coſtly viand is removed,
My muſe nor ſings of loving or of loved;
But when encompaſſed with good wine I dwell,
In poetry famed NASO I excel:

VI.

Prophetic numbers I can ne'er indite,
Till *ſatis plenus* is my appetite;
Then BACCHUS in the caſtle of my brain
Rules, revels, and enjoys his reign:
PHÆBUS ſurrounds me with refulgent rays,
Thus wine and chearfulneſs attend my days.

EXTEM-

EXTEMPORE.

Looking on the Medal of Mr. GARRICK.

EXALTED characters (like yours) require
A CHURCHILL's fertile genius to admire!
Shall I, whoſe feeble wings can never ſoar,
To where the muſes PHÆBUS' aid implore;
Shall I, all glowing with the bold deſign,
Attempt to paint a character like thine?

Oft as I view the image of thy face,
Where bold expreſſion heightens every grace;
Where every marking feature can expreſs,
A DRUGGER's humour, or a LEAR's diſtreſs;
I feel an ardour for the glorious theme,
Let others praiſe, while humbly I eſteem.

How oft has drooping genius ceaſed from grief,
And you the unknown author of relief;

How

How oft brought forth what penury ſuppreſſed,
And both the *poet* and his *works* new dreſſed.

Let diſappointed bards with envy burn,
They ſhoot their arrows only to return;
Thy breaſt-plate, MERIT, ſhall defy their ſteel,
While ſenſe diſtinguiſhes, and men can feel.

EXTEMPORE,

On ſeeing the Honourable Mrs. CREWE in the Stage-Box, at DRURY-LANE Theatre.

A FACE, magnetic, that attracts each eye,
A form, for which ten thouſands ſigh,
A heart, benevolent and kind,
A brilliant wit, with taſte refined;
Grace, eaſe, and elegance we view,
And fondly wiſh, each fair, a CREWE.

AN

AN EPISTLE TO MR. --------

IN LONDON.

YOU aſk what keeps me here? and why,
I hide myſelf from public eye?
Why in ſo mean a cot I ſpend
My hours? I'll tell you, friend.-----
While noiſe and nonſenſe ſtill prevail,
And ENVY ſpreads her venomed tale,
While falſhood, flattery, and hate
Injure alike the ſmall and great,
Retired from harm, I chearful find,
That world in *miniature*, my mind,
The drama of my life I view,
At once am judge, and critic too.
I trace each ſcene, explore each cauſe,
And only pray for heaven's applauſe;
I hate what partial flattery ſays
Deſpiſe the common road of praiſe,

Which with a pleaſant gale a-while,
Refreſhes only to beguile;
Let me enjoy the muſes' ſong,
And meditate the woods among:
They ſuit my mind, they ſhelter me,
Such charms with ſolitude agree:
By heavenly contemplation caught,
I ſoar upon the wings of thought,
All groſs ideas leave behind,
And live with purity of mind;
Imagination round me plays,
And Fancy chears me with her rays:
The gentle breeze, the winding vale,
Attentive liſten to my tale;
The ſtreams meandring as they glide,
Are not diſturbed like rivers tide,
But are the meadow's grace and pride:
And can you aſk me why I love
The tinkling rill, the ſhady grove?

Or, what oft gives my boſom eaſe,
A certain native wiſh to pleaſe;
Becauſe with them dwells innocence,
And ruthleſs noiſe is baniſhed hence;
Inſidious vice can't intervene,
No fears diſturb this placid ſcene,
Therefore, my friend, I bid adieu,
To court, to city, and to you.

THE MOURNING RING.

WELCOME, thou preſage of my certain doom!
I too, muſt ſink into the darkſome tomb:
Yes, little prophet, thus my name ſhall ſtand,
In mournful record on ſome friendly hand;------
My name! 'tis here, the characters agree,
And every faithful letter ſpeaks to me;
Bids me prepare to meet my nature's foe,
Serene to feel the monſter's fatal blow;
Without a ſigh to quit the joys of time,
Secure of glory in a happier clime.

ADDRESSED TO DAVID GARRICK, ESQ.

Written in 1774.

OH! thou, whom all the tuneful nine inſpire,
Who gives the tragic pathos comic fire;
What ſhall I ſay, unaided by each maid,
For you have merited their willing aid?
Invoked by you, they bring poetic ſtore,
With laurels crown thy head at *Hampton*'s ſhore.
From that bleſt period, ROSCIUS trod our ſtage:
He pruned with judgment the dramatic page:
The noble phrenzy of a SHAKESPEARE's mind,
'Tis you can modernize, reform, refine:-------
Lop from their branches each luxuriant ſhoot,
But nurſe with care the rich and valued fruit;
Thoſe gems, long hid from weak and vulgar ſight,
By you are poliſhed to a brighter light;
Receive redoubled luſtre from your pen,
And prove that SHAKESPEARE was a god 'mong men!

Methinks

Methinks I ſtand near *Avon*'s ſilver ſtream,
While FANCY forms this weak imperfect theme:
Deluſive images my thoughts command,
And all appears, enchanted fairy land:
Let me indulge the ſweet poetic ſtrain,
Till RICHARD calls me back to *Drury-Lane*.

When ſuppliant flatterers low and reverend bend,
They court the monarch, and neglect the friend;
Fortune and faſhion each proclaim their birth,
Alike regardleſs of intrinſic worth.

England! thrice happy nation! to afford,
For humble merit, a protecting lord,
England! thrice happy, ſuch a man to give,
Who bids the meek deſponding genius live;
Who, with a foſtering hand, for wit provides
A houſe, where matchleſs excellence reſides!

When *Rome* and *Athens*, thoſe illuſtrious ſchools,
Taught, by poetic ſkill, poetic rules:
When declamation was a ſcience made,
To charm, to animate, to ſoothe, perſuade,-----
The gift of ſpeech was held a gift divine,
It gave the colour to the poet's line;
Ruſhed like a torrent with reſiſtleſs force,
Or ſmoothly urged its ſoft and limpid courſe.
Long had BRITANNIA's genius ſigh'd in vain,
To add a grace to all her poliſhed train;
In arts, in arms, in learning, and in wit,
The world to her would readily ſubmit;
Virtue was hers, and with her manly ſenſe,
The train imperfect, without *eloquence*:
She ſighed impatient for *immortal* fame,
When, lo! propitious gift, a GARRICK came!

SOLILOQUY.

GREAT ſoul of nature! whoſe prolific ray,
Giv'ſt life to light, and beauty to the day;
Who guid'ſt the varying ſeaſons as they roll,
Bid'ſt numerous parts to form a lovely whole:
Grant, that whene'er I tread the verdant field,
And taſte thoſe ſweets that rural beauties yield,
Whene'er my eyes are charmed with ſylvan ſcenes,
With ſhining rivers, or with ſpringing greens,
My grateful heart may praiſe th' eternal mind,
Profuſe in bleſſings to all human-kind.

Was it *for us* he ſpread theſe ample ſkies?
And bade the vegetable world ariſe?
And ſhall the ſons of man, neglect to raiſe,
An anthem to the great Creator's praiſe?
The *ſtreams* praiſe him, who taught their waves to flow,
To him, the mountains raiſe their awful brow;

The

The foreſt nods his praiſe; bird, beaſt, and worm,
Inſects of every kind their taſk perform:
And ſhame their haughty lord, who lifts his eye,
And proudly bids defiance to the ſky.

TO MISS HANNAH MORE.

On her elegant Poem, entitled, *A Search after Happineſs*, and other ingenious Pieces.

Suppoſed to be written where Miſs MORE frequently walked.

I.

YE nymphs, who guard this unpolluted ſtream,
Liſt to a feeble poet's weak eſſays;
Permit a-while, his warm enraptured theme,
To give impartial and deſerved praiſe.

II. And

II.

And thou, PASTORA, goddeſs of theſe plains,
Leave your retreat in yonder ſhady grove;
Leave to their fleecy care the rural ſwains,
And hear the worthineſs of her we love.

III.

This cryſtal mirrour, gently as it flows,
Reminds me of her pure unſpotted mind;
Softly meandering, kindly it beſtows,
That benefit for which it was deſigned.

IV.

So from her ſoft and ſympathetic breaſt,
Compaſſion, through each ſanguine vein aſcends;
And while her pity flows for the diſtreſſed,
With inborn joy, beneficence ſhe blends.

V.

This ſylvan ſcene, and yon romantic grove,
Thoſe riſing hills, and that declining vale,
Have witneſſed oft her *narrative* of *Love*,
And oft re-echoed the *poetic Tale*.

VI.

O, could *my* muſe, from *her* attract one ray,
Of that ſeraphic undiminiſhed fire;
My ſong might ſerve ideas to convey,
Perfections, ENVY and her train admire.

VII.

How rare to find, in this degenerate age,
A heart as virtuous, with a taſte refined;
Where through the ſimple, yet energiac page,
We ſee the picture of a god-like mind!

VIII.

As dew from heaven, at the approach of day,
Refreſhes and enlivens all the fields;
So does her verſe o'er every heart diſplay
A cheering joy, which only virtue yields.

IX.

From FANCY's garden, with the hand of taſte,
She plucked for us a never-fading flower;
Gave it a name, poetical and chaſte,
And ſtill it blooms, SIR ELDRED *of the* BOWER.

X. Ye

X.

Ye fair, who every outward charm poſſeſs,
Who ſing with every grace, who dance with eaſe;
Go learn of her the road to happineſs,
By her be taught a ſurer way to pleaſe.

XI.

By her be taught to leave the giddy throng;
To think, to read, and to reflect aright;
To hear, enamoured, her improving ſong,
Which blends, harmonious, knowledge and delight.

XII.

"With her converſing," I forget all care,
In her ſweet converſe grief no more appears;
No gloomy viſitor e'er enters there,
But Sorrow quickly dries his briny tears.

XIII.

Her form is unaffected elegance,
Her face the index of a heavenly mind,
Her manners the effect of real ſenſe;
Like nature gentle, and like art refined.

XIV.

Long may ſhe live, to charm the liſt'ning ear,
To ſing in numbers that engage the heart;
To ſoothe the oppreſſed, keep back the coming tear,
And, in her ſong benevolence impart.

ON A YOUNG LADY,

Gone to *Margate*, for the Benefit of her Health.

I.

TO *Kent*'s delightful fertile plains,
See fair DIANA roam;
Oh, may ſhe from thoſe bleſt domains,
Bring health and ſpirits home.

II.

May choiceſt flowerets round her grow,
When on the bank ſhe's laid;
Or, if ſhe to the woodlands go,
Ye *Dryads*, guard the maid.

III. Oh,

III.

Oh, baniſh from the tufted wood,
ACTEON's curious race;
And when ſhe's in the briny flood,
Ye *Naiads*, watch the place.

IV.

Let none but VENUS from the ſkies,
With envy burſting, ſee
A chaſter, fairer VENUS riſe
From out her native ſea.

V.

Her health reſtored, be BOREAS pent,
In *Greenland*'s icey womb;
And gales, like gentle zephyrs, ſent
To waft the fair-one home.

EPILOGUE,

EPILOGUE,

Spoken by Mr. QUICK, in the character of Dr. ROSY, in St. PATRICK's Day.

LADIES and gentlemen, 'tis now expedient,
I viſit you, I'm yours, and yours, and your obedient;
What's your opinion of my ſkill and knowledge?
You are my *Cenſors*, here to-night in college.

Firſt, without JAMES's aid, your caſe I've treated,
And, as I rightly gueſſed, I ſee you're *ſweated*;
For *this*, I hope you'll own yourſelves my debtor,
As DOMINICETTI could not do it better:----
Coughs, aſthmas, and conſumptions fly before me,
Medicus ſum, the ladies all adore me:
I'm no pert blockhead to create your frowning,
My ſalt ſhall make you ſick, though after *drowning*;
If you will try my ſkill, go, take a *dive*,
And though you're ſunk a month, I'll make you live:

Ver. 2. ——I'm yours——] Addreſſing *Box*, *Pit*, and *Gallery*.

Yet

Yet Doctor NOSTRUM told me, that to riſe,
I muſt invent a cure, and advertiſe;
There's marvelous virtue *here*, in advertiſing,
For all believe what's frightful and ſurpriſing;
By wondrous feats, in news-papers recounted,
Empyric dunces, are to chariots mounted,
And 'mongſt old BRITONS when the wars began,
Charioteers ſlew *thouſands*, while the *foot* kill'd *one*:
With *bills* and *puffs*, in this degenerate age,
Quack'ry prevails, and lords it o'er the ſtage;
Dramatic drugs are palmed upon the town,
Cauſe ſour faces, and will ſcarce go down.

Shall I, a regular of GALEN's *tribe*,
Secundum artem, learnedly preſcribe?
Ye youthful fair, who dream of amorous bliſſes,
I order, twenty thouſand *virtuous kiſſes*,
From youths, whoſe chief attention to prevail is,
Handſome, good-natured, and------*cum multis aliis*:

If

If wedded, bickerings cauſe the leaſt diſaſter,
I have a ſovereign *matrimonial plaiſter*:
In other matters, I can ſecret be,
And give a lady help *pro tempore*:----
As laughing is a right ſole given to man,
My *recipe* is that, to laugh my plan.
Don't frown, fair ladies-----I mean *you* too;
For what can pleaſure us, can pleaſure you.
Each ſimpering prude, and every tittering girl,
Their ſweet elaſtic muſcles here may curl.

My cordial *julep* needs but agitation,
For ſudden faintings, or a *palpitation*;
For you, ye GODS, whoſe effervеſcent ſouls,
Sadneſs ne'er knows, or diſcontent controuls,
To keep the ebullition up hereafter,
Accept my *ſal volatile* of laughter:
Old NEPTUNE's *ſons*, who valour ſtill inherit,
Let mirth and *grog* keep up your active ſpirit;

Ye wits and critics, moderate your ſatire,
And taſte my pleaſant tincture of *good-nature*.

From this bright circle I have ta'en my fee,
And now I ſtand, in *propria perſona*;
My grateful heart expands at ſuch a view,
And glows with thanks and gratitude to *you*.

TO FLORELLA.

WHILE you, ſecure from noiſe and ſtrife,
Serenely paſs, in ſhades, your life,
And walk, and chat, and work, and read,
Juſt as your inclinations lead;
Or among trees, and fruits, and flowers,
Sweetly ſpend the flying hours;
While no intruding cares moleſt,
Nor anxious fears diſturb your reſt:------
Poor I, confined to dirt and noiſe,
Debarred from all theſe harmleſs joys,

Am vainly ſauntering up and down,
In this poor empty, doleful town;
Can only at a diſtance view
The bliſs that TASTE hath granted you:
Yet in my fancy I can trace,
The various beauties of the place;
Bid all its flowery ſcenes ariſe,
And-------ſtands before my eyes.

O, could I view the charming ſcene,
And wander o'er the verdant green;
Which ſtill more verdant would appear,
And charm me more, if *you* were there:
Heightened by friendſhip's ſacred power,
New charms would glow in every flower,
I'd teach the woods FLORELLA's name,
And that ſhould be my conſtant theme,
The warbling birds ſhould catch the ſound,
And chaunt it to the vales around:

But ſince theſe *wiſhes* all are vain,
I make *one* that I may obtain;
Come, come, O, come to town again.

SOLILOQUY.

HAIL, happy lark! Had I thy voice and wing,
Like thee I'd ſcale the ſkies, like thee I'd ſing;
But, ah! whene'er I meditate a flight,
Earth holds me captive and demands her right;
Yet ſtill at leaſt my thoughts aloft may ſoar,
And from a mortal, GOD expects no more:
From all thy works, I'll take the glorious theme,
And every object ſhall improve my flame;
Each flower my faithful monitor ſhall be,
And every ſtream direct my courſe to thee.

Whene'er the MOON in ſolemn pomp rolled on,
And round her throne her bright attendants ſhone,

Unnumbered orbs, and endleſs tracts of light,
Have rouſed my ſoul with wonder and delight!
Though faint *thy works*, great GOD; compared to *thee*,
Yet thence we learn how fair thyſelf muſt be.

At thy command the SUN renews his courſe,
And EARTH relenting, feels the welcome force;
From her prolific womb, freſh verdures riſe,
And every ſmiling mead ſalutes the ſkies.

When evening zephyrs fan the ruſtling trees,
And FLORA's boſom courts the gentle breeze;
Then may my voice with nature's ſoar on high,
Though ſcarce diſtinguiſhed in the general cry.

FLORIO.

Written 1773.

CASTIGAT RIDENDO MORES.

INTRODUCTION.

FOLLIES imbibed in Youth, not ſoon decay,
They grow to monſtrous vices day by day;
By ſtrong example and by paſſion lured,
Follies at forty very rare are cured.
When CHARLES the SECOND had attained his throne
Our young nobility for wit were known;
And though to virtue they had ſmall pretence,
Satire was poignant, ſterling was their ſenſe;
Like modern beaus, they could with nonſenſe ſport,
Be pleaſed with all the play-things of a court:
If, with an ardent fondneſs for the fair,
Woman, all-charming woman! was their care;

If, ſtrongly tempted, they tranſgreſſed the laws
Of Prudence---potent Beauty was the cauſe.
How changed the times! how altered! how depraved!
Merit is fettered, and her ſons enſlaved!
What are *our* YOUNG NOBILITY? A ſet
Whoſe education centers in a *bett*;
Whoſe ſole ambition, if their thoughts we trace,
Is title, faſhion, gaming----and a place.

O could my pen, with ink of bittereſt gall,
Mark ſtrong each character---expoſe 'em all!
Or my unpractiſed muſe with ſatire teem,
How inexhauſtible would be this theme!

YOUNG FLORIO had attained his twentieth year,
His father dead-----forgot the filial tear-----
See him at *Oxford*, where his parent thought,
He, like his ſire, in learning would be taught;
How much miſtaken! FLORIO day and night
Revels in what the vicious call delight;

Sent there, the depths of genius to explore,
He leaves all literature, for what? his *Whore*.
And keeps for every uſe ſome fawning imp,
To dreſs, to flatter, wear his clothes, and pimp:
With fixed contempt he ſpurns all moral rules,
And laughs at every maxim read in ſchools,
By faſhion poiſoned, and with hope elate,
Impatient waiting for a good eſtate;
Each hour is tedious, till the wiſhed for time
Brings him of age, and to *Italia*'s clime.

Oh! were the founders of that noble place,
To ſee its ſtate perverted to diſgrace;
To ſee their inſtitutions, know their uſe,
Like many others, changed to rank abuſe;
Their pious lips would curſe the preſent age,
Turn heavenly reſignation into rage.

Think him of age----with paſſions unconfined,
He leaves the college, pities thoſe behind;

Bleſſes

Bleſſes his fate that he's no more immured,
And with a heart-felt joy conſults his ſteward.

FLORIO in whoſe unthinking brainleſs head,
Folly, the child of Ignorance, is bred;
In whoſe unfeeling, adamantine breaſt
A ſtupid, inbred apathy's careſſed;
With tranſport leaves his native ſhore behind,
Not to improve his taſte, enlarge his mind;
Not to come back with uſeful knowledge fraught,
Or be in ſcience or in letters taught:
No-----different far, the longings of his breaſt,
Dependent flatterers will this atteſt;
Ere in the bark, that waits to waft him o'er,
His heart's arrived on the *Arcadian* ſhore;
Where his imagination firſt gave birth,
That *Italy* was *Paradiſe* on earth;
That *Alps* and *Appenines* made rough the way,
To where *Elyſium* ſtands in full diſplay.

Here

Here let me pauſe, here let my fancy range
O'er all its former charms, and mourn the change.
At that chaſte period when time was young,
When truth diffuſed her power from every tongue;
When learning, arts, and eloquence were taught,
Encouraged, and to full perfection brought;
When *Rome* by valour, kept the world in fear,
And mighty CÆSAR conquered far and near;
The immortal bards-----ſome in heroic verſe,
Their warlike deeds in warlike ſong rehearſe!
Her rival *Greece*, had HOMER to relate
Of arms, of *Champions*, and impending fate!------
And in a *Paſtor's dreſs*, with pleaſing ſtrains,
THEOCRITUS enlivened all the plains;
Rome had her matchleſs VIRGIL, to expreſs
The mournful tale of DIDO's keen diſtreſs;
And, as a ſhepherd, ſing of rural ſport,
To pleaſe AUGUSTUS, and amuſe the court:
For genius was encouraged in his time,
Nor was a love of letters held a crime;

Thus,

Thus, they in arms and conqueſt were renowned,
Heroes with never-dying fame were crowned;
Poets were honoured, wit and eloquence
Shone radiant! men were men of ſenſe.
O Luxury, thou meſſenger of fate!
Thou bane, thou poiſoner of every ſtate!
Inſidious ſpoiler! ſlow conſuming foe!
Author of every grief, of every woe!
When in that undefiled, and priſtine time,
Thy curſed influence reached that happy clime,
Juſtice, impartial held her equal ſcales,
Virtue appeared, and told ſuch mournful tales,
That juſtice, in amazement at her call,
From her unnerved hands the ſcales let fall:
Now indolence ſupine, and ſtalking vice,
Spread all their charms, and practiſe each device
To lure, to ſooth, encourage and entice.
That famous city into ruins laid,
A dreary ſcene of deſolation made;

Each

A dreary ſcene of deſolation made;
Each amphitheatre, and ſtately dome,
The pride, the pomp, and glory of old *Rome*;
Pavilions, *piazzas*, to ruin hurl'd,
The envy once of all the diſtant world!
Their ſenators were men by merit raiſed,
Their arguments perſuaded and amazed!
Who could withſtand that charming voice, from whence
Diffuſed great TULLY's powerful eloquence!
What is *Rome* now? A place of pious ſhow,
Where vices under ſacred veſtments grow,
Where ſuperſtition leads her ſpecious train,
And artificial reliques purchaſe gain;
Where heavenly truth is held from every eye,
By prieſt-craft buried in obſcurity.

Enough of *Rome*---FLORIO demands my ſong,
FLORIO the talk of all; the very *Ton*.
Suppoſe by this time, without fate or chance,
The youth inhales the pleaſant air of *France*,

Surrounded by a group of every trade,
A dernier goût-- to dreſs him in brocade;
Suppoſe even what you pleaſe, you ſoon will gueſs.
From head to foot, his perſon in full dreſs.
How tedious would it be, in verſe to write
Every particular of day and night!
Of *balls*, of *plays*, of *operas*, and amours;
Of duels fought, and raviſhing *douceurs*.
In *England* be that ſavage cuſtom tamed,
Let *Honour* only by her ſons be named;
O may that ſlave which men true courage deem,
No more want -------'s inſtructive theme;
May every point of *honour* through our lives,
Be regulated by the "*School* for *Wives!*"
When with exhilarating wine, the blood
Impetuous flows, and forms a ſanguine flood;
When reaſon's conquered, and each vital part,
Obeys the dictates of the ſwelling heart;
Then let imagination's power diſplay
The bliſs of night and wretchedneſs of day;

Let

Let fertile fancy paint each ſcene of joy,
And tell how morn's approach theſe ſcenes deſtroy
Let FLORIO have good luck or be undone,
Alike diſguſtful is to him---the *Sun*;
The cheerful dawn of all-inſpiring day,
Can only gloomineſs to him convey;
One round of diſſipation, one fixed plan;
Averſe to nature, and beneath the man!
What's the intent of travel?-----You'll reply,
To judge, and as a critic, to decry
All rarities which art or nature ſhews;
What man has made or bounteous heaven beſtows:
The enquiring mind will ſearch with eager haſte,
To ſtore his judgment and improve his taſte;
His curious ſoul, ſome ſatisfaction claims,
He views the falling LAVA, and the flames
Which from mount *Ætna* or *Veſuvius* high,
In horrible combuſtion reach the ſky!
For what has FLORIO travelled? FLORIO ſpeak,
And let a bluſh of ſhame o'erſpread thy cheek!

But what has quality to do with ſhame?
Like virtue-----'tis enough to know her name,
Shame, that intruder, never muſt appear,
While FLORIO has ten thouſand pounds a year:
Suppoſe it noon, and FLORIO juſt aroſe,
Tired, he awakes from an uneaſy doze,
To him, AURORA, meſſenger of morn,
In vain the bright *horizon* may adorn;
To him, bleak BOREAS may unroot the trees,
Or gentle *Zephyr* fan her gentle breeze;
Alike to him, the bloom of opening ſpring,
Alike may monſters howl, or linnets ſing:
That ſweet refreſhing ſleep, which man requires,
To FLORIO is denied----for nature tires,
When at thoſe hours ordained for quiet reſt,
The intemperate mind and body are oppreſt.
From morn to almoſt night, his time's imployed,
In playing *Quinze*, of gaming never cloyed;
Painting or muſic, ſculpture or the *Muſes*,
As horrid *boors*----he conſtantly abuſes,

Sufficient

Sufficient he has travelled, that's enough,
He's learnt to *game*, and with an air take *ſnuff*.
Nor theſe alone the merits he poſſeſſes,
Duelling, *dancing*----then how well he dreſſes!
In ſhort, to pleaſe the eye his whole pretence is,
He's not ſo vulgar taught, to pleaſe the ſenſes.
When day is almoſt o'er, and ſober eve
Reminds him of the time he can't retrieve,
FLORIO and friends, are ſeated to enjoy,
Thoſe viands which in time their health deſtroy.
Which nature loaths, yet appetite receives,
And pleaſing, though a gradual poiſon gives;
Viands which in themſelves were pure and good,
But, as compounded, prejudice the blood,
Occaſion ailments, which all art defy,
And baffle every potent remedy.

Ver. 181. *In playing Quinze*——] A faſhionable game in *Italy*, and now equally faſhionable in *England*, at *Boodle*'s, *Almack*'s, *Gooſtree*'s, &c.

Ver. 183. *As horrid Boors*——] A *maccaroni* phraſe of diſlike.

Enough of travel, and enough of *Rome*,
FLORIO, the *coxcomb* FLORIO's come home,
As from a perfume ſhop the *beau* had flown,
Freſh you may ſmell him from his *tour*, in *town*.
At *Boodle's*, *Almack's*, *Opera*, *Maſquerade*----
His laſt *French ſuit*, and *ſnuff-box* are diſplayed;
So altered in his manner and his face,
So full of affectation and grimace;
A character ſo marked from whence he came,
That *Maccaronies only* know his name!
FLORIO thus poliſhed, formed with ſuch a mind,
Exclaims alone----" For what was I deſigned?
" For what was I to ſuch a fortune born,
" If not ſome noble office to adorn?
" Firſt in the houſe I'll take the vacant ſeat,
" Spend a round ſum, and give the uſual treat:
" Enough there are, who take a gentle doze,
" While ſome diſcourſe of England's friends and foes;
" Enough like me who loll and take their reſt,
" While their *conſtituents* are ſore oppreſſed:

" For

" For what have I to do with commonweal,
" My life and buſineſs is to *cut* and *deal*;
" For though to ſpeaking I have no pretence,
" I'll hear or BURKE or BARRE's eloquence;
" And next a place, a place! O real ſport!
" A place, in time, a penſion from the *Court!*"
Thus he indulges what may never prove,
And thus we cheriſh what we fondly love.
How heavy drags the tardy time away,
From twelve to five, appears an endleſs day.
Not all the chit-chat when the town is full,
Not even ſcandal, though ſo ſprightly dull,
Nor talk of horſes, houſes or a place,
Or *crain-neck'd carriages* can fill the ſpace,
Nor news-papers, nor *coffee-houſe* debate,
Nor aſſignations, nor a *tête-à-tête.*
From ſeven 'till ten, to where ſhall FLORIO go?
To conjuring BRESLAW or FOOTE's puppet-ſhow;
Or at *half-price*, to lounge an hour away,
In the green boxes, damn that boor a-----play.

Does FLORIO ever read? Sometimes he will,
HARRIS's liſt, a tedious hour to kill;
Or if attacked with letchery or ſpleen,
The amorous *Covent-Garden Magazine.*
The rational amuſements of the night
To him, convey nor pleaſure nor delight;
So unſuſceptible his callous heart,
BARRY may weep, and FLORIO bear no part;
Her powers of acting, by all eyes confeſſed
Have no ſuch powers to move his *marble breaſt*;
And yet ſometimes, a ſtraw to ſtop his way,
Will cloud the ſunſhine of his brighteſt day:
His peeviſh nature, like a child at ſtrife,
With every trifling accident through life:
Void of that real fortitude----which all
Who nobly, greatly act, true courage call!
Yet FLORIO talks of honour, talks ſo loud,
That all perceive him diſſolute as proud:
All *little vices* he contemns as mean,
His mighty ſoul in *great* is only ſeen!

FLORIO's

FLORIO's a combination ill combined,
A rude and unformed chaos is his mind;
His ſoul's immortal, though to him unknown,
For REASON has forſook her mental throne:
Oh! when I ſee his riches thrown away,
The hundreds nightly loſt by curſed play;
My heart o'ercharged with indignation ſwells,
'Tis nature, nature's power alone compels
My muſe!------Oh! would her ſatire keen impart,
A ſtab to wound-----to reach and probe his heart;
To form his manners on the nobleſt plan,
And change the horrid *Centaur* to-----a *Man*.

FINIS.

Florio's a combination ill combined,
A rude and unformed chaos is his mind;
His soul's immortal, though to him unknown,
For Reason has forlook her mental throne:
Oh! when I see his riches thrown away,
The hundreds nightly lost by cursed play;
My heart o'ercharged with indignation swells,
'Tis nature, nature's power alone compels
My muse!------Oh! would her fairie keen impart,
A flash to wound----to reach and probe his heart;
To form his manners on the noblest plan,
And change the horrid Caracter to-----a Man.

FINIS.